

"Mario Puzo collides with Norman Rockwell in a compelling tale of past crimes and present consequences"
—Max Allan Collins

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

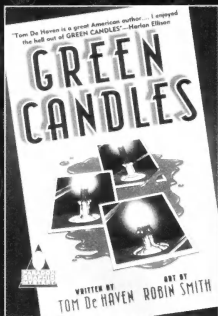


PARADOX
GRAPHIC
MYSTERY

WRITTEN BY
JOHN WAGNER

ART BY
VINCE LOCKE

ALSO AVAILABLE



A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE. Published by Paradox Press. Introduction and script Copyright © 1997 John Wagner. All Rights Reserved. Art Copyright © 1997 Vince Locke. All Rights Reserved. All characters, their distinctive likenesses and all related indicia are trademarks of John Wagner. Paradox Press and logo are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. Paradox Press is an imprint of DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.
A division of Warner Bros. - A Time Warner Entertainment Company.

Printed in Canada. First Printing.

Cover illustration by Vince Locke - Cover design by Tom McKeown

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

WRITTEN BY **JOHN WAGNER**

ART BY **VINCE LOCKE**

LETTERING BY **BOB LAPPAN**

PARADOX PRESS
NEW YORK



To Blossom, who has her own
history of violence.

—JOHN WAGNER—

For Khrysta, without whose love
and support I would be lost.

—VINCE LOCKE—

INTRODUCTION

BY JOHN WAGNER

Picture this: a man goes berserk with an automatic rifle on a crowded street. People are falling, screaming, lying in their own blood, dead or dying. A cop runs onto the scene and is slammed back by a spray of bullets. He comes to rest close to a doorway where you've taken cover, his gun dropping from his dead hand, only inches away. The gunman is shouting incoherently, firing at random into the crowd. He pauses to reload. His back is to you, you'd have a clear shot. Even you couldn't miss from this range. And you know — you just know — if you don't drop this crazy sucker more people are going to die.

But what if you do miss? What if the madman turns on you — you're dead for certain then. And there's a way out. Slip away and even if more people do die, at least you won't be among them. What do you do? Hurry, time's running out. He's pushing a fresh magazine home — he's turning — he's seen you —

Too late.

Try this: you go to your car one morning and notice the engine's warm. Not only that, there's an extra three hundred miles on the clock. Unless you've been driving in your sleep, you know you didn't do it. When you return that evening all the lights are on in your apartment. There's the remains of a fried bacon sandwich in the kitchen. The bedclothes have been disturbed and there's a pervasive smell of after-shave. You live alone, you're a vegetarian, no one else has access to your life. What do you do? Call the police?

"Bacon sandwich, huh...? Right, lady, that sounds real serious, we'll

have a squad car down there by two weeks next Tuesday."

During the night you come awake with an uneasy feeling. Gradually you begin to realize there's someone in your bed. A man. He reeks repulsively of stale sweat and Brüt and he's wearing that nice pink nightdress you got from Sears mail order. When you gasp and recoil from him, he sits up, solicitous: "Having another one of your nightmares, dear?"

The man claims to be your husband Ernie but you've never seen him before. Or have you? Is Ernie for real? Are you merely suffering from the delusion that he does not exist? Either way, you've got problems.

Or...you're an ex—marine, say, running a little car spares business in Phoenix. You get a call one morning. A man's voice: "We're going to kill you."

Huh?

"We hear you're a real hard man to kill. We're going to put you to the test."

"Who is this?"

"Better run. It's your only chance."

Naturally, being a likable guy without an enemy in the world, you take this with a hefty pinch of salt. Even when later someone standing next to you at a lunch counter is shot through the head from a passing car — a single shot, right on the button — it doesn't quite connect. But that night you get another call...

"That was just a warning to show you we're serious."

"Who is this?" you manage to stammer.

"It could have been you. You wanna die?"

"What the hell do you want?"



"You got two choices. You can stay, or you can run. It's more fun when you run, though..."

What if you don't run? What if you go to the police — and the detective you speak to has the unmistakable twang of the voice on the phone? What if next they burn your house down...?

Ordinary people caught up in extraordinary situations. No muscled Arnies, no dirtied Harries, just normal people — you and me. The guy next door. That's the fascination. Put yourself in their place, wonder what you'd do, how you'd react — and be grateful that particular bombshell didn't fall your way. But it could have. Don't kid yourself, it could happen to you, anytime. Right out of the blue.

None of these scenarios, I hasten to add, appears in the story you are about to read, though the final storyline was originally submitted to Paradox, and I can see now that *A History of Violence* in some part stemmed out of it. There is that same sense of claustrophobic terror, of powerful, sinister, unstoppable forces closing in, crushing.

I met Paradox Press Editor Andrew Helfer at a convention in Scotland. Andy had been my editor on another project some years earlier. He was totally exasperating to work with but I had a lot of respect for his ability to produce good stories. He outlined his plans for Paradox Press and, despite his incredibly low page rates (I didn't believe you till the first check came through, Andy!), I was interested. Real stories about real people. It was different. And it wasn't super-heroes. I've been writing comic strips for twenty-five years now, but I still can't force my brain (not willingly, at least) round super-heroes. Something missing in my upbringing, perhaps.

Months passed, as they do. I outlined the aforementioned idea for Andy, but he felt it was too close to another story of mine, *Button Man* (now available at all good comic shops!). Could I come up with something else — something even better? Time was running out. The phone calls from New York were growing more and more urgent.

"Mr. Waaagner." I dreaded the singsong greeting coming down the



line. "I'm still waiting for that storrr—ry." They'd filled all their slots, he was holding one open for me, but he needed the story NOW.

"You'd have it, sir, honest," I bleated, "if it wasn't for the dry rot."

Dry rot. A miserable, cold, wet April. Builders ripping the house apart, stripping down walls, knocking out foundations, hammers thudding, drills screaming, me confined to one room above it all. Constant interruptions, carrying what seemed like the whole house out to the bonfire, barrowing in rubble, shoveling concrete, weeping inside.

And then it came to me. A story about a man's life. What would happen if...? Not quite fully formed, but there in much of the essential detail. Damn, I wouldn't like to be in his spot...

Within two weeks of acceptance the first chapter was written. That was well over two years ago, and for that I must take the blame. I little realized the full implications of that first, shocking act of violence.

My sincere thanks to all the staff at Paradox who have worked and suffered on this book and especially to Joel Rose and Andy Helfer for supplying the idea, based on a true story, that provided the final, brutal twist of the knife. And of course to Vince Locke, who has labored long and hard for many months and whose fine art you can now appreciate. Let it draw you into the story. Picture yourself...

You may have realized by now that I have told you next to nothing about *A History of Violence*. This is deliberate. How I hate introductions that give away half the story, like reading the last page first. I want the events described to come as much of a surprise to you as they are to my characters.

Disturbing. Terrifying. Life-shattering.

Right out of the blue.

CHAPTER 1

A SMALL TOWN
KILLING

"Beware of desp'rate steps.

The darkest day

(Live till tomorrow)

will have passed away."

-WILLIAM COWPER 'THE NEEDLESS ALARM'

JOHN WAGNER

Born in Pennsylvania, educated in Scotland, grandfathering writer John Wagner has been one of the mainstays of British comics for the last three decades. Renowned for his cinematic approach to the medium, his creations include JUDGE DREDD, subject of the recent Hollywood spin, and BUTTON MAN, which has just been optioned to be made into a major motion picture.

VINCE LOCKE

Vince Locke works and lives with his wife in Michigan. He began drawing comics in 1986 with DEADWORLD, a horror comic. Since then he's worked on SANDMAN, AMERICAN FREAK, SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE, ST. GERMAINE, and several other books and short stories. When not drawing comics, he's doing illustration work for books and trading cards, and an occasional CD cover.



DC COMICS

JENETTE KAHN

President & Editor-in-Chief

PAUL LEVITZ

Executive Vice President & Publisher

DAVID HELFER

Group Editor

JIM HIGGINS

Assistant Editor

GEORGE DREWEN

Creative Director

DAVID HARTLEY

VP-Sales & Advertising

RICHARD BRUNING

VP-Creative Director

PATRICK CALDON

VP-Finance & Operations

TERRI CUMMINGHAM

Managing Editor

CHANTAL D'AULNIS

VP-Licensed Publishing

JOEL EHRLICH

Senior VP-Marketing & Promotions

LILLIAN LASERSON

VP & General Counsel

BOB ROZAKIS

Executive Director-Production

THE PAST NEVER DIES.... UNLESS YOU KILL IT.

It was just another quiet night at McKenna's Diner—until a couple of wanted killers walked in looking for trouble. Instead, they got bullets, and Tam McKenna got to be an instant media celebrity. That got him a lot of attention from some people he thought he'd escaped long ago. The kind of people who never forget a face—even after twenty years.

Now Tam must confront a group of cold-blooded mobsters intent on settling the score. As much as he tries to deny it, he's a man with a history of violence—and with the lives of his family hanging in the balance, he'll do anything to make sure his secret past stays buried forever.

A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

DIRECT SALES



00111>



7 61941 20554 0



PARADOX GRAPHIC MYSTERIES ARE AN Ongoing SERIES OF GRAPHIC NOVELS WRITTEN BY BOTH PROSE AND COMIC WRITERS AND ILLUSTRATED BY A DIVERSE GROUP OF COMIC ART TALENTS. FROM HARD-BOILED DETECTIVE STORIES TO POLICE PROCEDURALS, FROM TALES OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TERROR TO GANG-LAND THRILLERS, PARADOX GRAPHIC MYSTERIES ARE UNIQUELY CINEMATIC STORIES COVERING THE ENTIRE SPECTRUM OF THE MYSTERY GENRE.

\$9.95 U.S.
\$13.95 CAN.

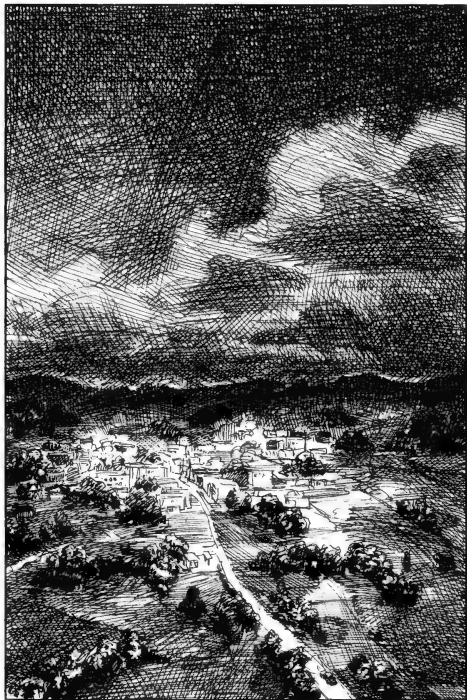
PRINTED IN CANADA



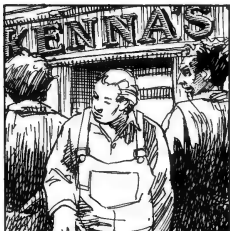




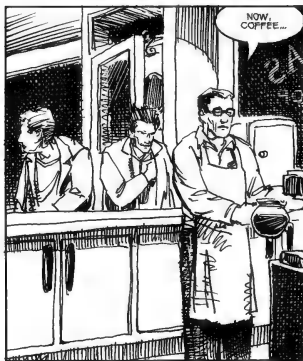








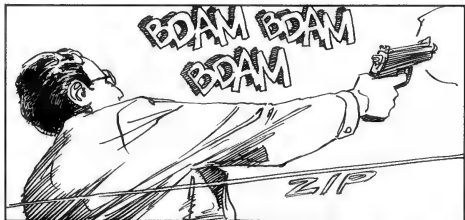


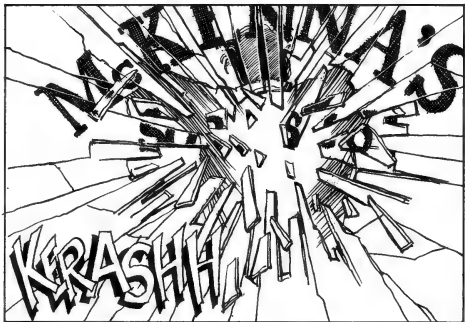




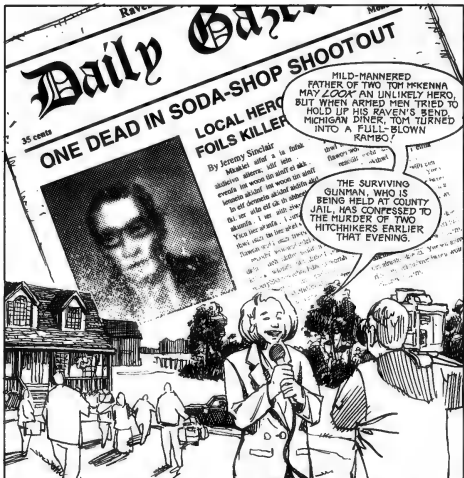












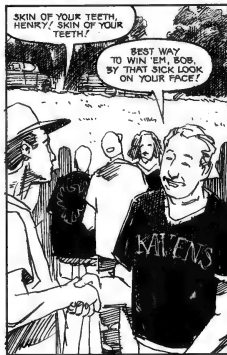


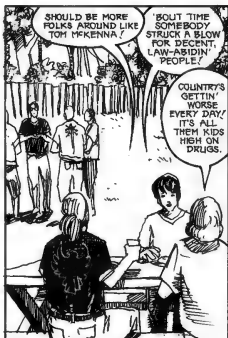


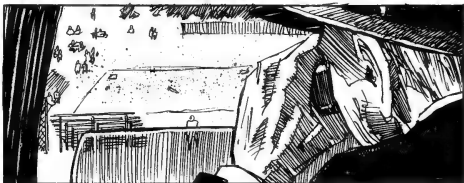








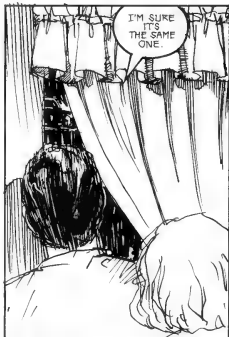












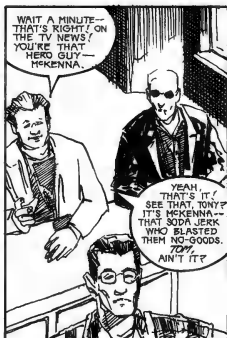












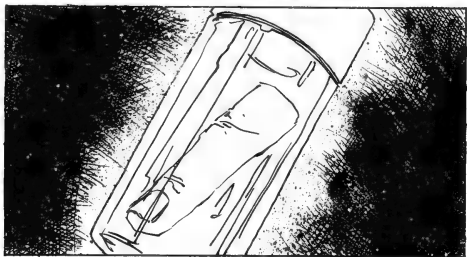


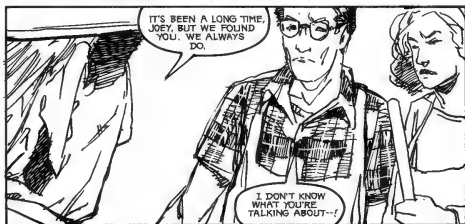




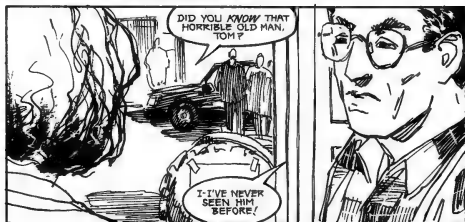












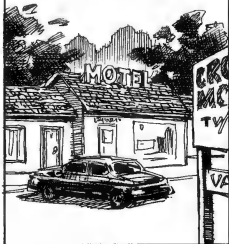








I'M GETTIN'
SICK OF
HANGING 'ROUND
THIS DUMP!



I GOT BETTER THINGS TO
DO! WHY DON'T WE JUST
WHACK HIM AN' GET
OUTTA HERE?

I
GOTTA
BE
SURE.



IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO. I DON'T
SEE TOO GOOD. I THOUGHT
I'D KNOW, BUT...

COME ON!
THE GUY WAS
SCARED OUT OF HIS
WITS! YOU SAW HOW
HE DROPPED THAT
PLATE!

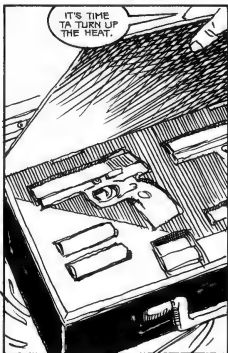
COULDA
BEEN AN
ACCIDENT.

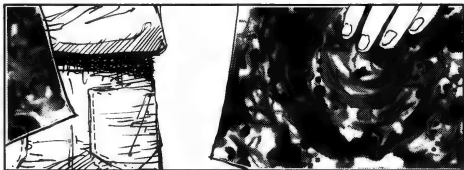


GODDAMMIT, TORRINO,
WE'RE ONLY *HERE*
'COS OF YOU! MAKE
UP YOUR FREAKIN'
MIND!



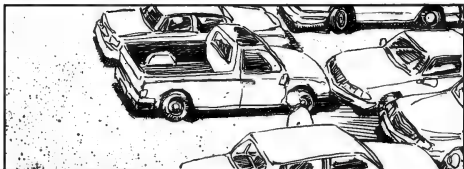


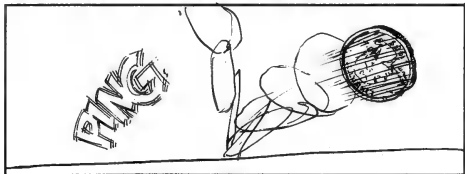






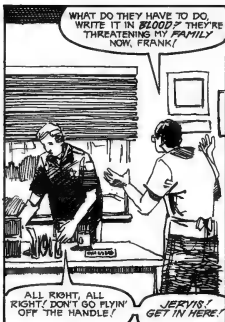
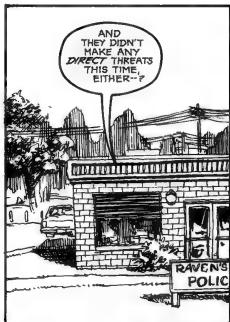


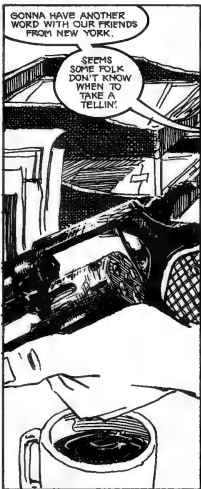






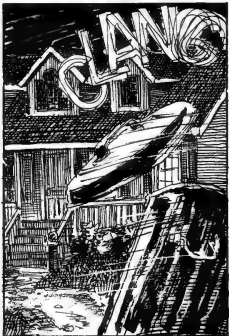
















EXPECTING
TROUBLE,
TOM?

YOU
TELL
ME!



OUR NEW YORK FRIENDS CHECKED
OUT OF THE MOTEL LATE THIS
AFTERNOON. I GOT AN APB OUT
COUNTYWIDE, BUT THERE'S NO
REPORT OF THEIR VEHICLE
ANYWHERE.



FRANKLY, I DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING.
LOOKS LIKE THEY TOOK THE HINT.

THANK GOD!

NOW, IF THERE'S
NOTHIN' ELSE, I'M GONNA
GET MOVIN'. GLAD TO BE OF
HELP. YOU FOLKS SLEEP
EASY NOW.



NIGHT,
FRANK.

THANKS.





YOU AND I
HAVE NOTHING
TO TALK
ABOUT!



SURE WE DO.
YOU OWE US,
JOEY. YOU OWE
MR. TORRINO.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
I DON'T KNOW YOU! I'VE
NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE
IN MY LIFE!

WHOEVER YOU THINK
I AM, I'M NOT HIM!
YOU'VE GOT THE
WRONG MAN!



SO, LET'S MEET, LET'S
TALK. JUST YOU AN'
US. WE'RE REASONABLE
GUYS. WE CAN SORT
THIS OUT.

MAYBE WE **MADE** A
MISTAKE - -MAYBE YOU
AIN'T THE GUY. SO
CONVINCE US, THAT'S
ALL YOU GOTTA DO.
THAT'S FAIR,
AIN'T IT?



YOU'RE OUT OF
YOUR MIND! I'VE
NO INTENTION OF
MEETING YOU!

THAT'S A PITY.
THAT'S A REAL NICE
FAMILY YOU GOT THERE,
JOEY. IT'D BE BETTER TO
SORT THIS OUT BETWEEN
US. BE A SHAME IF ANY
OF THEM WAS TO GET HURT.





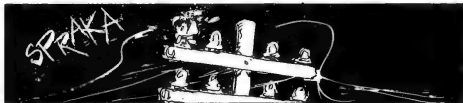










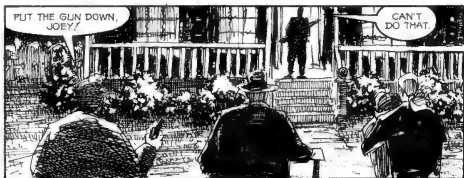








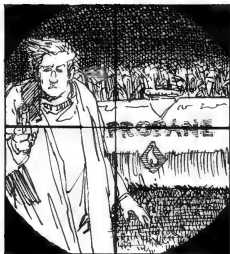




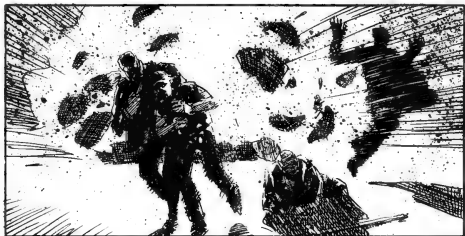
















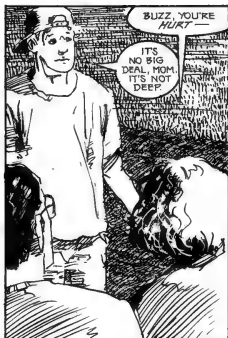














CHAPTER 2

THE BROOKLYN
MURDERS

"Through the jungle

very softly flits

a shadow and a sigh -

He is Fear,

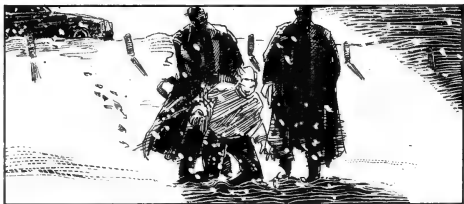
O Little Hunter,

he is Fear!"

-KIPLING

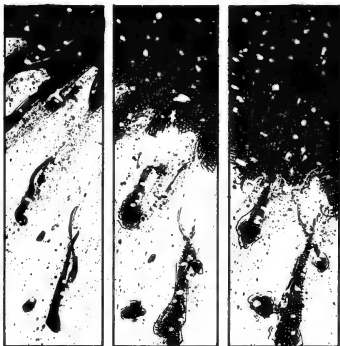
*I WAS FOURTEEN
WHEN THEY
MURDERED
RICHIE'S
BROTHER.*





BUT
THAT WAS
STEVE
ALL OVER—
MR. BIGSHOT.

BAM

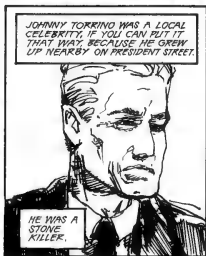


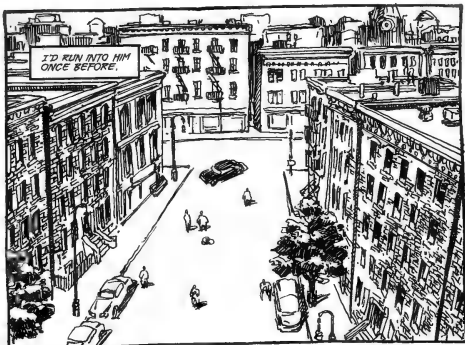
ANYWAY, THAT'S
HOW IT ALL
BEGAN... WITH
RICHIE'S BROTHER.





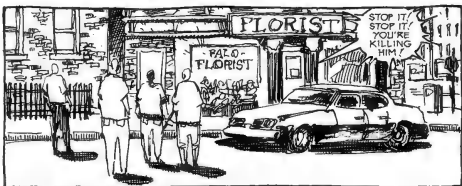
















GANGSTERS HELD A REAL FASCINATION FOR STEVE. WHEN HE GOT OLDER HE STARTED HANGING 'ROUND, DOING LITTLE JOBS FOR THEM...

A THOUSAND DOLLARS, STEVIE! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?



I DID SOME WORK FOR A GUY, THAT'S ALL!

WHAT KIND OF WORK PAYS YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS? WHO PAYS YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS?

WA-WASSAMADDA?



IT'S THIS BIG DUMB APE—YOUR SON! HE THINKS HE'S A MOBSTER!

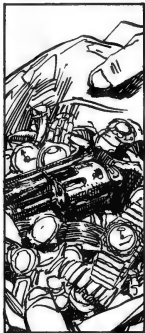
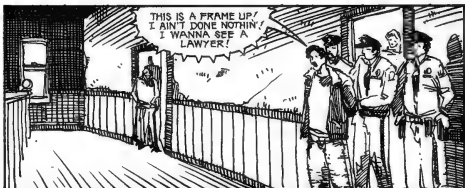
AW, TURN THE RECORD OFF! JEEZ, I DUNNO WHY I GAVE IT TO YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE!

GOTTA TAKE A LEAK!

DAD'S GOTTA GO TO THE BATHROOM.







THE COPS NEVER PROVED
WHO BLEW STEVE AWAY,
BUT EVERYBODY KNEW
IT WAS TORRINO.



HE WAS MANZI'S
NUMBER-ONE
HATCHET MAN.



DEEPEST
SYMPATHIES.

AN' THIS IS LITTLE
RICHIE, EH?

IT'S A SAD DAY, SON.
LOSIN' A BROTHER IS
REAL HARD—I KNOW,
I LOST THREE
MYSELF.



TAKE A LESSON
FROM IT, 'KAY, RICHIE?
KEEP OUTTA TROUBLE—
KEEP YOUR NOSE
CLEAN.



YOU
DON'T WANNA
GO BREAKIN' YOUR
MAMA'S HEART
NO MORE.



THAT FAT
COCKSUCKER!



I'M GONNA KILL HIM!
I'M GONNA CUT HIS
FUCKING HEART
OUT.

RICHIE, DON'T
TALK LIKE
THAT!



STEVE HELD UP
THAT LIQUOR
STORE ON
NOSTRAND--

NO! THAT'S
NOT TRUE!

HE TOLD ME,
MAMA!



MANZI SENT WORD HE WANTED
HIS CUT AN' STEVE TELLS HIM
WHY SHOULD HE PAY HIM NOTHIN'--
HE DIDN'T SEE MANZI TAKIN' NO
RISKS?

YOU KNOW STEVE,
COULDN'T STOP HIMSELF
MOUTHIN' OFF, THOUGHT HE
WAS MR. BIG! HE'D'VE PAID,
IF THEY'D JUST GIVEN
HIM THE CHANCE!























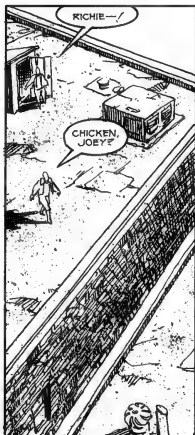




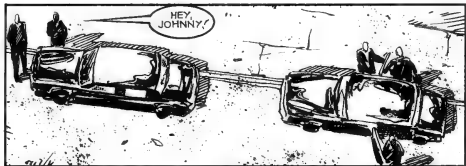






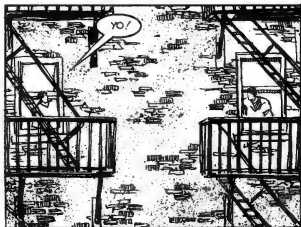
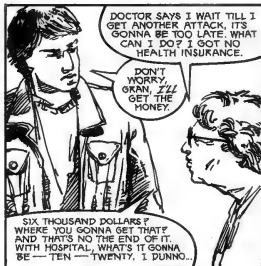




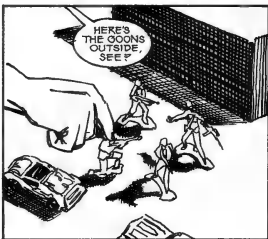
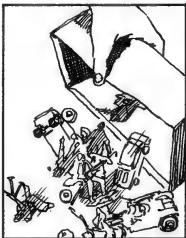














WE NEED
SOMETHIN'
BIG — LIKE A
BAZOOKA!

THAT'D BLOW THE
MONEY UP TOO,
MEATHEAD!

TEAR GAS —
THAT'S BETTER.
EASIER TO GET
HOLD OF, TOO!



THEN
WE GO IN,
BLOW AWAY
ANY REMAINING
OPPOSITION,
GRAB THE CASH
AND GO. WE GOT
A GETAWAY CAR
WAITIN' WITH
FALSE PLATES —
NOBODY'S
EVER GONNA
BE LOOKIN'
FOR US,
MAN!



SO, ALL WE NEED IS
MACHINE GUNS, TEAR
GAS AND A HOT CAR.

DREAM ON!



DON'T WORRY, I'LL
WORK ON IT.

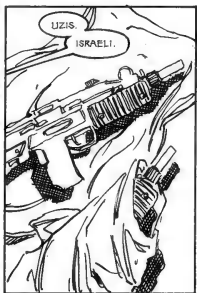


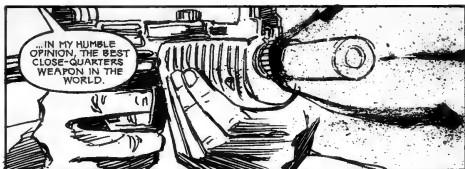


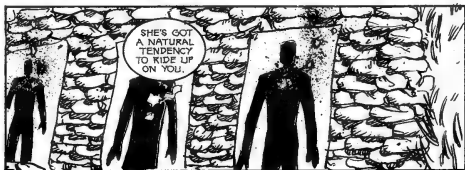
"PENNSYLVANIA."

GOT A NICE
45 MAGNUM
HERE.













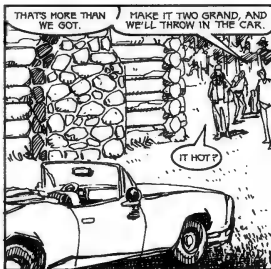


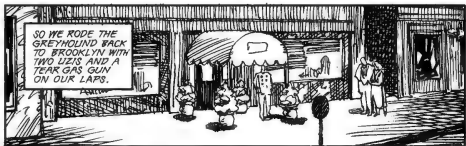














THIS IS
THEIR TABLE.
THERE'LL BE
MANZI, TORRINO
AND FIVE OR SIX
OTHERS.



THERE'S GONNA BE A LOT OF
CONFUSION. WON'T BE EASY
TO SEE ONCE THE GAS GOES
OFF. WE GOTTA BE ABLE TO
REACH THE TABLE BLIND.

IF WE TIME IT RIGHT,
THE MONEY SHOULD
STILL BE BAGGED UP
WAITING FOR US.



I GUESS WE GOT THREE
MINUTES BEFORE ANY COPS
SHOW UP. WE GOTTA TRY TO
DO THE JOB AND GET OUT
IN TWO

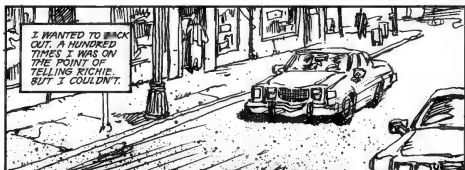
GONNA
BE
TIGHT.

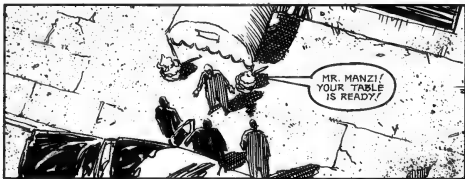


YOU TWO LOOK LIKE
YOU'RE PLOTTING THE
THIRD WORLD WAR.

IT'S JUST A
PROJECT
FOR SCHOOL.









CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.
TO HELL WITH HIM — IT'S
MEAN! THAT COUNTS.
GET CHANGED.

IT'S
RISKY.
WE
SHOULD
WAIT.

ARE YOU IN THIS
OR OUT?
I SAID WE GO!

OKAY, OKAY!





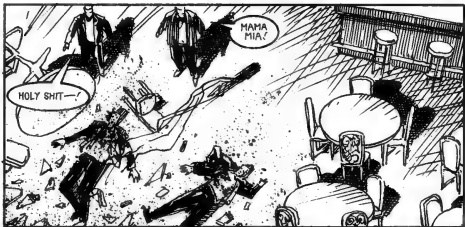
I'M SCARED, RICHIE.
REAL SCARED.







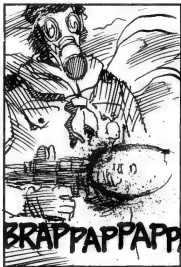
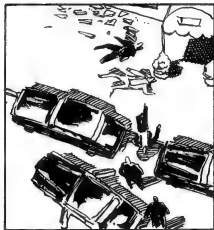


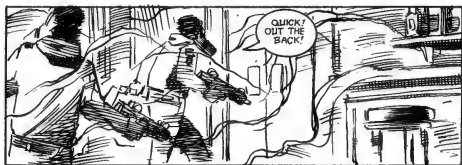


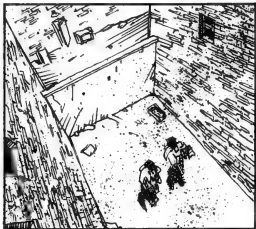


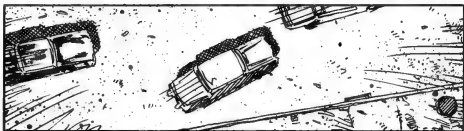
















THERE WAS ONE HUNDRED
AND TWENTY-TWO
THOUSAND DOLLARS
IN THE BAGS.



OH, WOW,
YOU REALLY
PULLED IT OFF,
DAD!
YOU ROBBED
THE MOB!

I'M NOT PROUD OF IT,
BUZZ. I DID WRONG —
AND LOOK WHAT IT'S
BROUGHT DOWN ON US.



SO YOU'RE NOT TOM MCKENNA--
YOU'RE THIS... JOEY. JOEY MUNI.
ALL THESE YEARS WE'VE BEEN
LIVING A LIE...

MY GOD,
TOM--



WHAT DO I CALL YOU
NOW — TOM? JOEY?

I'M TOM.
TOM!

JOEY MUNI DIED
A LONG TIME AGO.
THIS IS MY LIFE,
EDIE.

YOU, BUZZ —
ELLIE — YOU'RE
ALL THAT MATTER
TO ME.

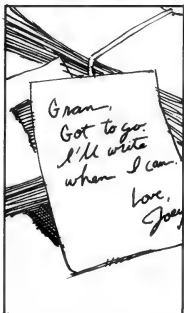


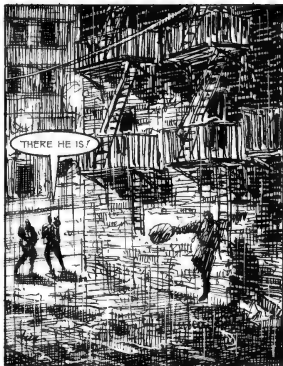


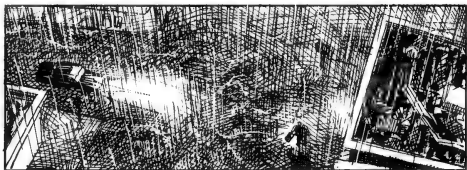




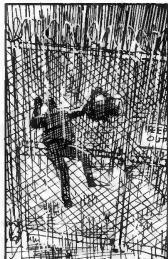








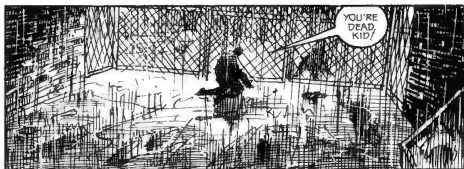














I NEVER SAW MY GRAN AGAIN.
I COULDN'T GO BACK, COULDN'T
WRITE. IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS.

I DRIFTED AROUND THE COUNTRY
FOR A WHILE, TRYING TO LOSE MY-
SELF, TRYING TO RUB OUT ANY
TRACE OF NEW YORK IN THE WAY I
TALKED, THE WAY I ACTED.

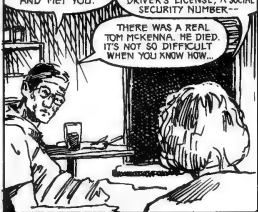
THE MOB'S WII
SPREADS EVERYWHERE,
AND THEY DON'T FORGET.
IF I WAS TO HAVE ANY
CHANCE OF STAYING
ALIVE, I HAD TO DIS-
APPEAR COMPLETELY--
COMPLETELY AND
FOREVER.



EVENTUALLY I
TURNED UP HERE...
AND MET YOU.

BUT YOU WERE TOM
MCKENNA—YOU HAD A
DRIVER'S LICENSE, A SOCIAL
SECURITY NUMBER--

THERE WAS A REAL
TOM MCKENNA. HE DIED.
IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT
WHEN YOU KNOW HOW...



AND TORRINO DID FIND YOU.
WHAT AN EVIL, EVIL MAN!

WHATEVER
YOU DID, DAD,
THEY HAD IT
COMING!

DO YOU
FORGIVE ME,
EDIE?

OF COURSE I DO,
TOM. IT'S ALL BEEN
A... A BIT OF A
SHOCK, THAT'S
ALL.

YOU'RE
STILL THE MAN
I MARRIED—
THE MAN I
LOVE.







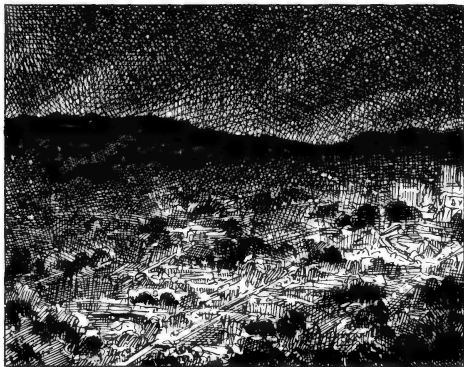


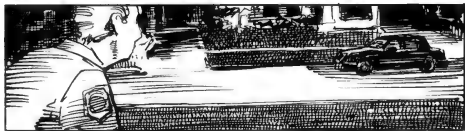
CHAPTER 3

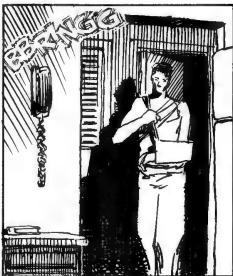
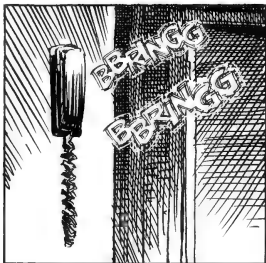
WITH EVIL
INTENT

**"They have sown the wind,
and they shall reap the whirlwind."**

-HOSEA 8:7





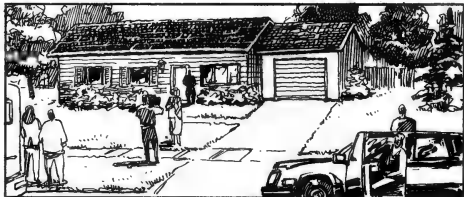




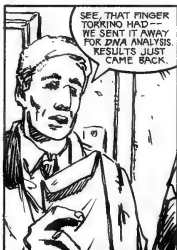


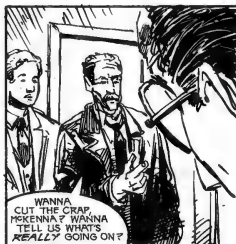














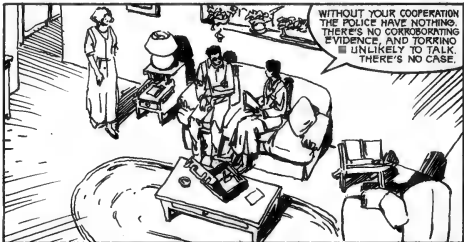








IN THE ABSENCE
OF A MIRANDA WARNING,
NOTHING YOU TOLD THEM
CAN BE USED AGAINST
YOU IN A COURT
OF LAW.



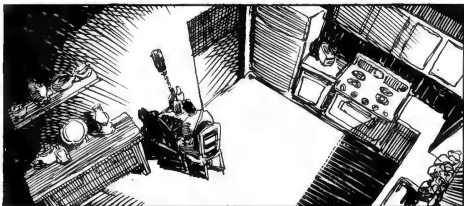
WITHOUT YOUR COOPERATION
THE POLICE HAVE NOTHING.
THERE'S NO CORROBORATING
EVIDENCE, AND TORRINO
■ UNLIKELY TO TALK.
THERE'S NO CASE.

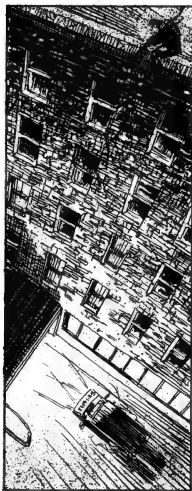


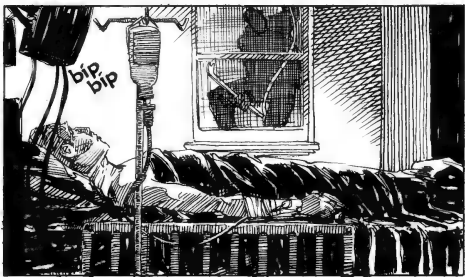
I THINK WE CAN DO A DEAL, GET THIS WHOLE MATTER
CLEARED UP.

BUT WHAT'S
THE POINT?











RICHIE CAN'T COME
TO THE PHONE
RIGHT NOW.

HE AIN'T FEELIN'
TOO GOOD. HE'S
SICK, REAL SICK--
KNOW WHAT
I MEAN,
JOEY?

YOU'RE
LYING. IT'S
NOT RICHIE--
IT CAN'T BE.
RICHIE'S DEAD.

YA THINK I'M PLAYIN'
FUCKIN' GAMES WIT' YA--?
YA WANT I SHOULD
CUT HIS FUCKIN' HEART OUT
AN' SEND IT TO YA--
THAT CONVINCE YA?

THIS AIN'T NO FUCKIN' GAME.
THIS IS SERIOUS, JOEY. THIS
IS PERSONAL, FAMILY. YOU
OUGHTTA KNOW, THESE THINGS
DON'T GO AWAY.



POOR LITTLE RICHIE...
HE'S BEEN PAYIN'
FOR TWENTY YEARS,
ALL ON HIS OWN.
NOW, THAT AIN'T
RIGHT





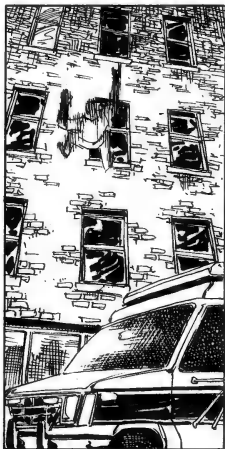


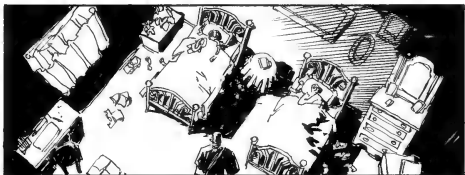








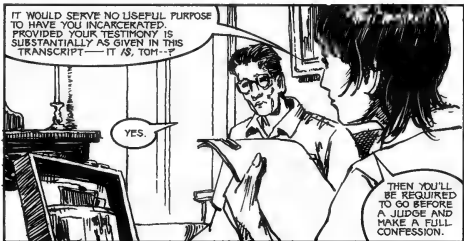


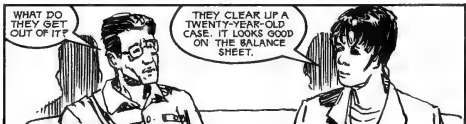












THEY CAN GO
TO MARJ IN
WISCONSIN.
DO THEM
GOOD.



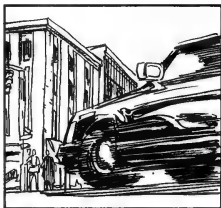
"DO US GOOD TOO,
TO GET AWAY
FROM HERE FOR
A WHILE..."





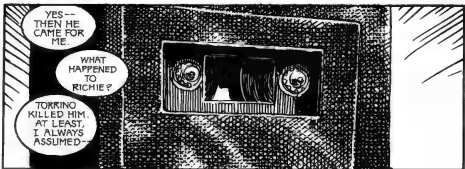






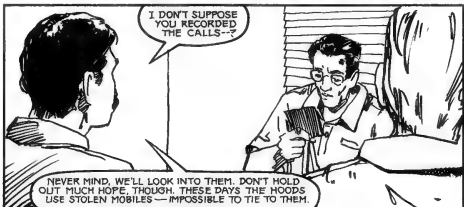
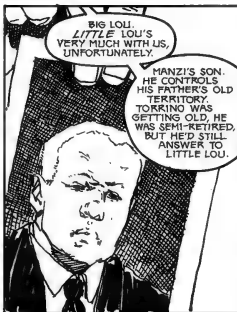




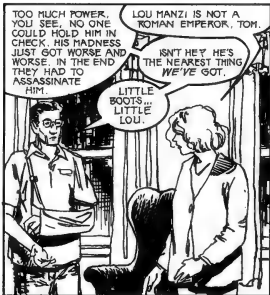
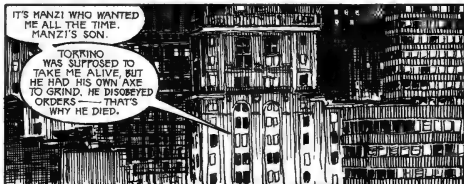


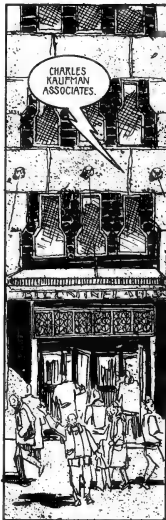




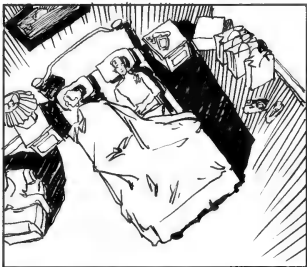
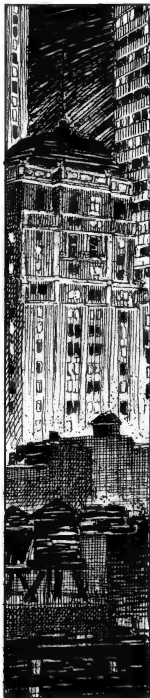


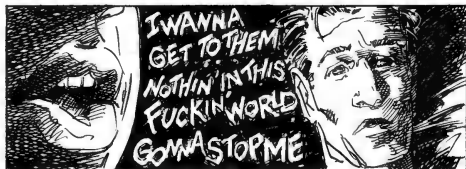


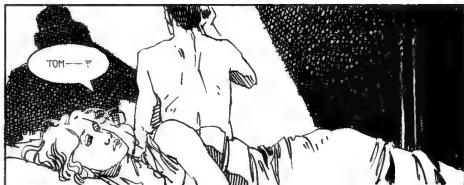














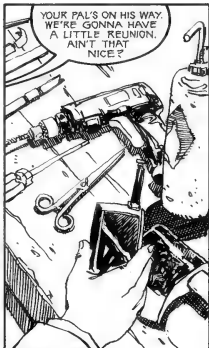




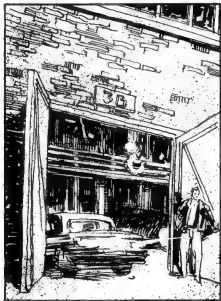




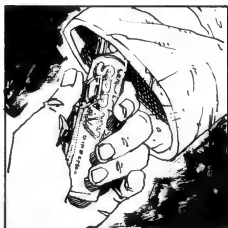






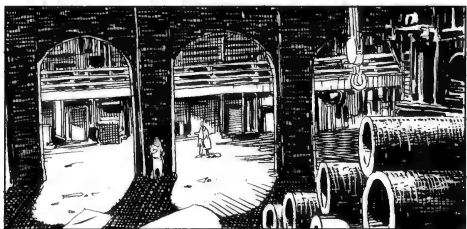
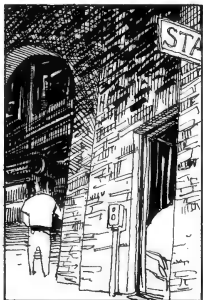




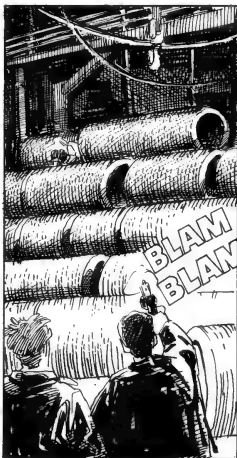




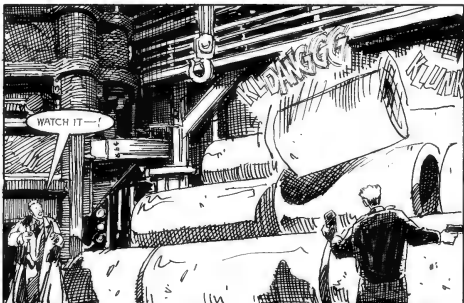


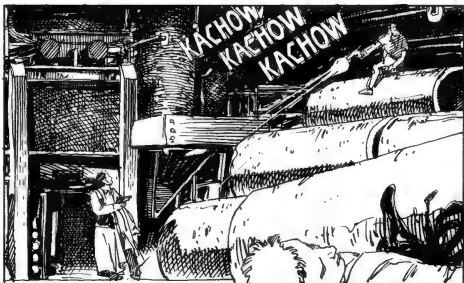


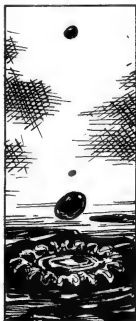






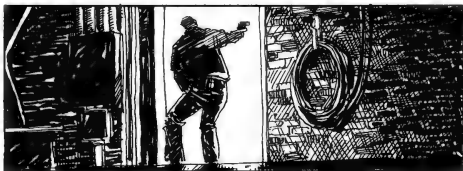




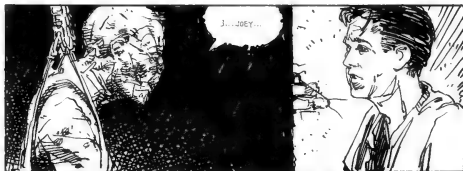






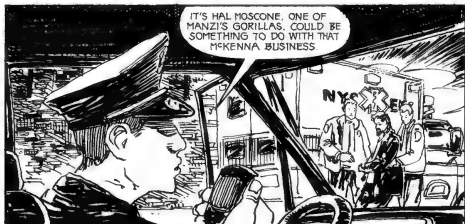








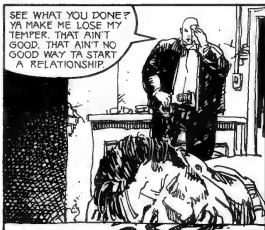




IT'S HAL MOSCONE, ONE OF
MANZI'S GORILLAS. COULD BE
SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT
McKENNA BUSINESS.



'STAVIC'S
GONE TO
INVESTIGATE.'



SEE WHAT YOU DONE?
YA MAKE ME LOSE MY
TEMPER. THAT AIN'T
GOOD. THAT AIN'T NO
GOOD WAY TA START
A RELATIONSHIP.



WANNA KEEP YOU IN
REAL GOOD CONDITION,
LITTLE BIT AT A TIME.



I LIKE TA GET
CLOSE TA THINGS.
Y'KNOW WHAT I'M
SAYIN', JOEY?
I'M A HANDS-ON
KINDA GUY.

THAT AIN'T ALWAYS EASY
WHEN YOU GOTTA WIELD
THE REINS OF A LARGE
ORGANIZATION, BUT I
LIKE TA MAKE THE TIME.
IT'S THE *PERSONAL TOUCH*
MAKES ALL THE
DIFFERENCE.













